

The Saturday News

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1912

PRICE FIVE CENTS



Henrietta Crosman in her latest New York success "The Real Thing" at the Empire Theatre June 27, 28, 29 and Saturday Matinee.

Jasper's Note Book

Mr. Evelyn Wrench, the founder of the Overseas Club, has been visiting the principal western cities with a view to perfecting its organization here. He spent one day last week in Edmonton and succeeded in arousing very considerable interest in the work.

There is no question that there is great scope for imperialist activity along such lines. The trouble is that the cause has been so largely identified with fire-eating jingoes and utterly impracticable dreamers in the past that there exists a very healthy prejudice to overcome before an appeal such as Mr. Wrench makes can have any effect.

How diverse are the ideas that are grouped under the term imperialism one realizes after being a reader for some time of the very excellent publication "United Empire," which is the official organ of the Royal Colonial Institute in London.

In the last issue there is a report of an address on a subject that comes very close home to us in this part of the Dominion. It was given by Dr. F. B. Vrooman, who undertook as a resident of British Columbia to give the outlook of that province. The most important part was that which referred to the feeling that exists out at the coast on the question of Asiatic immigration. Here is one paragraph which is typical of the whole address:

"Therefore I say," he declared, "that we in British Columbia have determined that so far as we can accomplish it, the Pacific Ocean must be a white man's ocean. The western hemisphere must be a white man's hemisphere. Let Asia have Asia—indeed Asia has Asia—but we propose to keep Australasia and the Americas white from Vancouver to Melbourne, from the Horn to the Arctic Archipelago."

The way to do this, in Dr. Vrooman's opinion, is to enact strict laws preventing Asiatic immigration and to maintain a powerful British navy on the Pacific.

"Are some of our Little England friends talking of a ratio of three to two? We shall do mighty well with all we have in hand; if we get along with a ratio of three to one."

This means, it must be remembered, three British ships to one possessed by a possible combination against Great Britain. Clearly this would be a stupendous burden to undertake, but if all Dr. Vrooman's ideas were adopted, it is doubtful if even this provision would be sufficient.

He denounced in the strongest terms the alliance which Great Britain had entered into with Japan and intimated that if it were maintained, it might become necessary for British Columbia to look to Wall Street for protection. He spoke of Wall

Street, for it was generally understood that it had become the capital of the United States.

These views, it should be noted, were put forward in the name of the most advanced imperialism. But if they were carried out, how could the British Empire last as we know it now?

If we are going to forbid Asiatics from coming into America and undertake to keep them out by such a navy, as Dr. Vrooman says is required, what becomes of the white people who have their homes and their interests in Asia? Do they agree that Asia is to be left wholly to the Asiatics? Should we give up our connection with India? Imperialists have been taking much pride and satisfaction out of the reception recently given the King and Queen in their Indian Empire. Can we expect this to be repeated, if British Columbia opinion, as interpreted by Dr. Vrooman, has its way?

In another part of United Empire there is a report of the annual dinner of the Institute, in which a distinguished imperial administrator, Sir Frederick Lugard, referred very eloquently to what had been accomplished overseas.

"The importance," he said at one stage, "of Hong Kong to the Empire cannot, I think, be exaggerated—not merely or primarily because the tonnage, including native craft which enters or leaves its port, is, I believe, the largest in the whole world, nor yet because of its strategic importance—but because it is an outpost of western civilization, and of British influence founded on what is geographically Chinese territory, exercising an influence such as no recently leased territory in China can do owing to the long time that we have held domination there."

It stands vis-a-vis to the great city of Canton—separate from, yet bound to China by the closest possible ties. The number of people who pass between Hong Kong and Canton daily is some 3,000 souls. In these circles its influence should be, and I believe is, most potent over an Empire numbering one-fifth of the human race. Its potentialities are unlimited and it remains for us to realize them."

Are we to accept Dr. Vrooman's or Sir Frederick's ideas as representative of true imperialism? Men of Dr. Vrooman's type wave the flag more persistently, have more to say about great navies and talk more grandiloquently about the greatness and glory of the Empire. But they also are the less disposed to consider the rest of the British dominions when they have some local complaint to give vent to. The reference to the possibility of British Columbia looking to the United States for support is very significant.

There are many so-called friends from whom the cause of imperialism must be rescued if it is to make any progress.

The Calgary Herald the other day republished three extracts from its file of twenty years ago, which serve to bring home to one, how what in the progress of the world at large seems but yesterday

is a very long while ago in that of a place like Edmonton. Here were the three items:

"Edward Blake has been offered a seat in Longford by the Irish Nationalists."

"Grover Cleveland has again received the nomination of the Democrats at the Chicago convention."

Edmonton is greatly excited over a government notice which has been posted to the effect that the Dominion land office is to be moved to South Edmonton."

Those who are still quite young men remember very well when Edward Blake sent his famous letter to the electors of West Durham and it was more than a year after that before he accepted the invitation of the Irish Nationalists. Grover Cleveland's second term is still a matter of but recent history. But when the land office rebellion in Edmonton is mentioned, we are taken back to what may be considered another age.

The exact date on which the citizens by force stopped the removal of the office to the south side of the river was June 19. It is one that deserves to be remembered as the promptness of the steps then taken undoubtedly meant a very great deal to the future of the city.

We have become accustomed to gas strikes in Alberta, but as only three of them have ever turned out to be worth while, we are apt to discount what is said in the initial stages of a fresh discovery. That at Tofted however bears all the marks of genuineness. The illuminating of the streets should be fairly convincing and the men behind the project are speaking very confidently of the result. The faith in the possibilities of a strike at that point was well founded. Tofted is close to a line between Pelican Rapids on the Athabasca River and either Medicine Hat or Bow Island in the south and as there is no question about the value of the gas that is to be found at these three points, it was reasonable to suppose that it would exist in between them.

So far as Edmonton is concerned, the discovery at Tofted is of the very greatest importance. If it is worth while to pipe the Bow Island gas to Calgary, a distance of 150 miles, Edmonton has a great advantage over the southern city with its supply at Tofted, only forty miles away. To be able to secure it there makes up in a very large measure for the disappointment which the failure of the various boring enterprises in Edmonton itself have met with.

In a quiet way, the Imperial Home Reunion Association is doing a very useful work in various western Canadian cities. It exists for the purpose of aiding men with families at a distance to bring them here. It is astonishing how many have been placed in this unfortunate position and have to wait a long time before the family could be reunited. The Association loans the money and so well have its affairs been administered that it has had practi-

A BUSINESS CHANGE.

The publishers of The Saturday News have decided to retire from the job printing business which has been conducted in connection with the paper for the past five years at the premises on Howard Street. Hereafter the attention of the company will be centered entirely on The Saturday News, large improvements in connection with which are planned. It is aimed to make it the equal of any journal of its kind in the country from a typographical as well as a literary standpoint. The business office will be found after this week in Room 12, in the Hutchings Block, on Jasper Avenue, a few doors east of the Bank of Commerce, and the editorial office in Room 17 of the same building.

cally no losses. The other day in Calgary it provided the means by which a mother and thirteen children will come out from England to the father and the two oldest sons. It was no small matter to bring thirteen people across the ocean and the necessity of waiting robbed the country of so much economic strength.

A crematorium was opened the other day in Vancouver at Mountain View cemetery. The news is of interest to those who have felt strongly that cremation must eventually become a general practice. Hitherto the only facilities available in Canada have been in Montreal, the use being made of them increasing largely each year.

The change which is being rapidly wrought is illustrated by recent letter written in favor of this method by the Bishop of Lichfield, Birmingham and Manchester. Bishop Gore had this to say:

"What I should desire when I do myself die, is that my body should be reduced to ashes rapidly, so that it may do no harm to the living, and then in accordance with the Christian feeling be laid in the earth—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—with the rites of the church. I do not see that there is any serious Christian argument against such a practice, and from a sanitary point of view it has enormous advantages."

The British Medical Journal in a recent article on the progress of cremation gives figures showing the growth of this method of disposing of the dead in Europe.

The total number of cremations in Great Britain during 1911 was 1,033, which shows an increase of 177, as compared with 1910. Since the opening of the Working Crematorium in 1885, there have been 9,984 cremations in Great Britain. At the present time there are 13 crematoriums in Germany, six of which started operations last year. A law has been recently passed permitting cremations in Prussia.

In Switzerland there are now ten crematoriums, three of which belong to the municipalities of Basel.

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COMMON SENSE IN THE SOCIAL EVIL.

In all discussions of the causes and reform of the "social evil," let it become clearly understood that prostitution requires for its diminution not only laws, well enforced, to abolish the traffic in womanhood; not only better social protection against harpies who seduce young girls seeking an honest livelihood; not only better chaperonage of young girls in exposed occupations; not only better opportunities for natural enjoyment of youthful pleasure under morally safe conditions; not only these—but most of all, greater power on the part of the average young girl to earn her own support under right conditions and for a living wage.—Anna Garlin Spencer, in the "Forum" for March.

IN PRAISE OF LIMITED FAMILIES.

Mr. Walter E. Weyl stoutly maintains, in the "North American Review" for March, that to call limitation of families race suicide is all nonsense. His object-lesson is France, which, he maintains, is a magnificent example of the good results following the limitation of families. He says that all the nations are moving towards a slackening of an excessive birth-rate, and at the head of these nations is France. The road to civilization lies in the lowering of the birth-rate. Europe must decide whether it is to have half a billion of civilized people or two billions of helots when the twenty-first century dawns.

Mr. Weyl admits that the population of France is stationary; eight hundred thousand children are born every year to take the place of the eight hundred thousand Frenchmen who annually die. It is the peasant woman who decides that question; she is coming to the conclusion that two children are the largest family that she can afford; and against that conviction all arguments as to the duty of multiplying and increasing the population at the German rate are fruitless. French population is limited by her economic conditions. With the rising standard of living in France the population will probably not exceed the number who can lead a comfortable and civilized life upon French soil. The theory of the French towards children is "quality before quantity." The decreasing birth-rate is in reality a strike against evil conditions. France aspires to be comfortable and civilized. She has the choice of being populous or democratic, and she is choosing the latter. The standard of living is rising, saving is becoming more and more widespread. Every year adds enormously to the wealth of France and to the diffusion of that wealth among ever wider sections of the population. France is a financial democracy in seeking to build upon its increasing material resources an improved civilization for a limited number of inhabitants.

As for the danger that Germany may overwhelm France by her increased population, Mr. Weyl says that the battle is not always to the populous nor to the land of large armies, still less to the battle always to the millions when these millions represent a surplus of stomachs in excess of the number of armed men that can be put into the field. France is not only building a treble line of Fort Arthurs across the frontier, but is accumulating a mound of gold in the vaults of the Bank of France. Every year France saves an additional sum of three or four, or perhaps even five hundreds of millions of dollars. The Bank of France always keeps a hoard of eight hundred million dollars of gold.



Among the esteemed citizens of Edmonton who have succumbed to the weather of the past week are the following:

The man who when asked when summer comes here has been in the habit of remarking that he doesn't know, as he has only been in the country eleven months.

The writer of publicity literature, whose favorite statement has been that, no matter how warm the summer days are in Edmonton, there is never a night that you can't sleep in comfort with a blanket. The crop forecaster who couldn't see why we should look forward to the best harvest in our history. The man who said that there was as much chance of making money out of an ice-cream parlor in Alberta as out of a Turkish bath establishment in Hades.

By the way, why should ice-cream sodas cost fifteen cents here? Because the bars run on the two-for-a-quarter basis, there is no reason why the purveyors of soft drinks, who pay no licenses, should do the same. Besides it isn't good business.

I had a talk the other day with a visitor on the most seasonable topic of summer drinks. He told me of how much Scotch whiskey he drank out at Lorenzo Marquez on the east coast of Africa with the thermometer 117 in the shade.

"Why didn't you drink beer?" I asked. "For the simple reason," said he, "that Scotch cooks you and beer has the other effect."

"You astonish me," I rejoined, "Did you never hear that soulful little ditty which runs:

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
It's rather warm for whiskey hot
And far too cool for beer."

"Well," he insisted, "I've lived in Alaska and all through the tropics and I ought to know."

"Did you drink beer in Alaska?" "Well, no, as a matter of fact, I drank Scotch there too."

Then he concluded that the argument had reached the stage when he should ring for another portion of the beverage which cools one at 117 in the shade and warms one up at 60 below. What can't a thing do if you have only faith in it?

One of our Alberta contemporaries announces that it is the kind of paper which "goes into the homes and fireplaces of our people." Hear, hear!

The New York papers tell of the marriage of the handsomest policeman in the city to the cloak-room girl at the Waldorf-Astoria. The bride surprised her husband after the ceremony by telling him that she had saved \$50,000 from her tips. The news will be a serious matter for the nursemaids, who will find their helmeted admirers in the park suddenly grown cold.

Dr. Mary Walker, who wears trousers and a thoroughly masculine costume, including the coat and the derby hat, had just concluded before the senate committee on pensions at Washington a few remarks regarding a bill in which she was interested.

As she went out of the committee room, Senator Bob Taylor of Tennessee slid far down in his chair and remarked:

"There goes the only self-made man in history."

He was a buyer in a large wholesale house, and he was in love. One night he snatched a kiss.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I am so well pleased with this sample that I should like to negotiate for you all have."

He was accepted on the spot.

Gladys Helen Montague, her transparent red-gold hair glittering in the sunlight, sat at a mahogany desk writing her answer to Reginald Fitzmaurice's proposal. Gladys's calligraphy was of the style which makes three characters perform the duty of twenty-six.

In reply came: "My Dearest Girl,—Your answer has made me the happiest man in the world. How did I dare to hope that you would stoop to bless such as I? I pray that I may be worthy of you, my darling, I long to press you to my heart.—Thine, Reginald."

"My Dear Miss Montague,—On Wednesday I start on a tour round the world. If at any time you should change your mind, a word or two from you will bring me to your side. My letters will be forwarded from my club.—Faithfully yours, Reginald."

"Dear Gladys,—After a sleepless night spent in the vain endeavor to decipher your note, I have written these two answers. Will you kindly return immediately the one which does not fit. I cannot stand the strain.—Your anxious, Reginald."

It was at a souffrette meeting. A woman was speaking bitterly of the many rights and privileges

which the men enjoyed but which were so unjustly denied to the women.

"Say," broke in a male hearer, tauntingly, in a small, high-pitched voice that sounded well in proportion to his physical make-up, "wouldn't you like to be a man?"

"Yes," replied the woman; "wouldn't you?"

At the Art Museum the sign "Hands off" was conspicuously displayed before the statue of Venus de Milo.

A small child looked from the sign to the statue. "Anybody could see that," she said, dryly.

A man engaged in buying a necktie for himself, turned the pile over and over, and at last put aside two as not worthy of further consideration. The salesman placed the rejected ties in a separate box. The club-man asked whether they had been placed by mistake with those he had been examining. "Oh, no," was the polite response; "but we have orders when five or six men turn down a tie to take it and put it aside."

"What becomes of them?" "We sell them to women who come in here to buy ties for men."

A returned missionary was addressing a meeting and describing his experiences in the far east.

There was one youngster in the audience, a lad of twelve, who had been brought to the meeting by his father. It was with considerable surprise and gratification that the missionary observed, when his discourse had been finished and he had asked whether any one had any questions to put, that the aforesaid youngster evinced a disposition to make inquiry.

"Come, my lad," said the missionary, "speak up. If there is anything I haven't made clear, tell me."

"Oh, everything is clear to me," said the boy. "What I wanted to know is, have you any foreign stamps you can give a fellow?"

The young teacher looked around the little assemblage that constituted the slum kindergarten of which she had taken charge, and began in a sweet gurgling tone supposed to express interest in her subject. "Now, I wonder how many little children here this morning can tell me whether the little kitty wears fur or feathers?"

A dirty-faced urchin rolled his eyes ceilingward and groaned, audibly:

"Gee ain't she never seen a cat?"

Music and Drama

Henrietta Crossman comes too late for me to write of the play she is presenting in Edmonton. But no one who wishes to see a really great actress should miss the opportunity which her visit affords. One of the most delightful recollections of a somewhat extended play-going career are of productions of hers. The first was: "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," which I witnessed near the close of an extraordinarily long run at the Belasco Theatre in New York. The other was that playlet, so long a favorite with Ellen Terry, "Nance Oldfield." I would give a great deal to hear her give the lesson in elocution which all who know the play will remember. I never realized before that the human voice could be so beautiful a thing.

Miss Crossman should be given the warmest kind of a welcome, for her coming must rank as another milestone in the city's dramatic progress.

I notice that it is proposed to bring the all-star company, that has been reviving Gilbert and Sullivan with such success in New York, through Western Canada before the end of the season. These splendid light operas should never have been allowed to rest in neglect so long. The appeal which they make to the present generation was shown by the enthusiasm which the really excellent amateur production of "The Mikado" last winter elicited in Edmonton.

A recent New York letter says: As refreshing as a sea breeze on a sultry afternoon, the kindly-hearted "Pirates of Penzance" came back to Broadway Monday night. The Gilbert and Sullivan atmosphere pervaded the Casino, taking one's thoughts back more years than it is pleasant to recall; and the amusing satire and rollicking patter of the familiar songs drove from mind the discomforts of an all-too-early summer day.

And of all the joyous moments none was more delightful than that furnished by De Wolf Hopper as the police sergeant. It is a novel experience to see this comedian in a make-up that at all conceals his identity, and his first appearance was a genuine surprise. But as he described the policeman's unhappy lot, and told of the gentlemanly burglar who goes a-burgling, scattering his "h's" with a delightful disregard of Queen Victoria's English, the audience roared its approval. George J. McFarlane was particularly happy as the major-general, who knew all about the "square of the hypothenuse," and, perhaps, more than anyone else in the cast recalled the regime of D'Oyly Carte at the Savoy Theatre, in London. To his sense of humor he added a baritone voice of excellent quality that made his patter songs most enjoyable.

Very charming were the maidens who wooed the pirates from their romantic, if unlawful life. Blanche Duffield, who has a clear, fresh voice, sang with intelligence and sympathy, particularly in her duet with Frederic and in her opening song. Jo-

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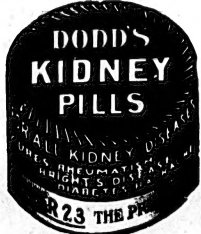
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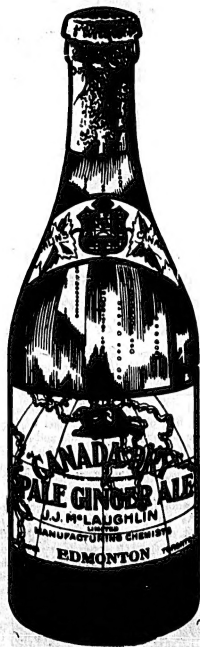
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MUSIC AND DRAMA

(Continued from page 2)

sephine Jacoby was excellent as Ruth, the piratical "maid-of-all work." Her full, rich voice and artistic method lifted the part into distinct prominence. Eugene Cowles was warmly welcomed as the Pirate Chief, and if his voice has lost some of its resonance, it still has much of its beauty and range.

Mr. Wheeler in his musical reminiscences in Winnipeg Town Topics tells of a party of Winnipeg musicians who made a concert tour through to the coast in 1900. One of the members of the party sent home a letter in which there is this interesting reference to a lady well known in Edmonton musical circles now:

"Miss Forsyth is well, but I fear she misses her dog. She pets all the dogs she meets in the hotels. Poor 'Billy,' he missed a great trip, but I could not undertake to manage a dog even if he were musical."

That there are a lot of people who pretend to like certain music, simply because it is considered the right thing to say that they do, we all are aware. Occasionally we get a glimpse of the fake enthusiasm that pervades even higher musical circles. Ford Madox Hueffer, a veteran musician, throws an interesting light on this in some reminiscences that he has recently published. He writes:

Nowadays the acts of kindliness no doubt remain a feature of the musical world, but I think the enthusiasms as well as the ferocities have diminished altogether. Composers like Strauss and Debussy steal upon us as if it were in the night. Both Strauss and Debussy must be nearly as incomprehensible to good Wagnerites as were the works of Wagner to enthusiastic followers of Rossini and the early Verdi. Yet there are no outliers; there is no clamoring for the instant imprisonment of Strauss or of the laudatory critic. Nor is this want of enthusiasm limited to England. A little time ago I was present at the first performance in Paris of Strauss's 'Also Sprach Zarathustra.' The hall was filled with 'All Paris'—all Paris polite, indifferent, blagueur, anxious to be present at anything that was new, foreign, or exotic. There was some respectable amount of applause, there was some yawning discreetly concealed. In the middle of it the old gentleman who had taken me to the performance got up suddenly and, made for the door. He had, as I heard, some altercation with the attendants, for there was a rule that the door could not be opened while the music played. I followed him to the door, and found my friend—the late General du Tannin, one of the veterans of the war of 1870—explaining to the attendant that he felt himself gravely indisposed and that he must positively be allowed to go away. We were at last permitted to go out. Outside, the General said that Strauss's music had made him positively ill. And it had made him still more ill to hear it received with applause. He wanted to know what had happened to France—what had happened to Paris—to that Paris which in the seventies had resisted by force of arms the production of 'Tannhauser' at the Opera. The music appeared to him horrible, unbearable, and yet no one had protested.

I could not help asking him why he had been present at all. And he said with an air of fine reason:

"Well, we move in modern times. I still think it was wrong to produce Wagner at the Opera so soon after the war. It was unpatriotic, it was to take revenge in the wrong direction. But I have had time enough, my friend, to become reconciled to the music of Wagner, as music. And I thought to myself, now here is a new German composer, I will not again make the mistake of violently abusing his music before I have heard a note of it. For the music of Wagner I abused violently before I had heard a note of it."

But the General went on to say that this new music was worse than nonsense. It was an outrage. The high discordant notes gripped the entrails and gave one colic.

"Nevertheless," he said, "you will see that no critic says a word against this music. They are all afraid. They all fear to make themselves appear as foolish as they did the critics who opposed the school of Wagner."

And upon the whole I am inclined to think that the General was right. The other day I attended a concert consisting mainly of the song cycles of Debussy, setting the words of Verlaine. They were sung by an Armenian lady who had escaped from a Turkish harem, and had had no musical training. She was a barbaric creature who uttered loud howls, and the effect to me was disagreeable in the extreme; all the same the audience was crowded and enthusiastic, and the most enlightened organ of musical opinion of today spoke of the performance with a chastened enthusiasm. I happened to meet the writer of the notice in the course of the following afternoon and I asked him what he really got for himself out of that singular collocation of sounds. He said, airily:

"Well, you see, one gets emotions."

I said, "Good heavens, what sort of emotions?"

He answered: "Well you see, if one shuts one's eyes one can imagine that one is eating strawberry jam and oysters, and a cat is rushing violently up and down the keyboard of the piano with a cracker tied to its tail."

I said: "Then why in the world didn't you say so in your notice?"

He smiled blandly.

"Well, you see, an ignorant public might take such a description for abuse, and we cannot afford to abuse anything now."

I said: "You mean that you're still frightened of Wagner?"

"Oh, we're all still frightened of Wagner," he answered.

The Orchestral Society gave a splendid program at the Orpheum Theatre on Sunday night, Mr. Goodwin's baritone songs and the cornet solo of Mr. Hustwick adding much to the enjoyment of the evening.

The band concerts on Sunday afternoon have proven very popular and there is no question that the innovation is a good thing all round.

The closing exercises by the musical pupils at Alberta College drew large audiences last week and demonstrated once again the thoroughness of the work being done by the staff and the large amount of talent that exists in the city for them to work upon.

A comedian was rehearsing in a new play, the author of which was present. The actor departed once or twice from the "book" and inserted jokes of his own. The author was horrified at the idea of such tampering with his work.

"My dear boy," he said, "be good enough not to 'gag,' please. Speak my lines and wait for the laugh."

"All right," said the comedian sorrowfully, "only my last train goes at midnight."

A lady, as well known for her artistic abilities as for her want of punctuality in the payment of her debts, was a "bright particular star" at Her Majesty's Theatre during the London operatic season. She was wanted by Mr. P., a solicitor, who was anxious to serve her with "process." The lady was, could not be interviewed. Mr. P. therefore took a stage box on the pit-tier, and when the lady had finished a well-executed air, he gallantly threw to her a beautiful bouquet which had figured in front of his box. The lady took it up, and smiled graciously upon her admirer. Nestling in the flowers was a note. Was it a billet-doux? The lady slowly drew it forth. She opened it. Alas it was not a tender of a heart and hand. It commenced "Victoria." She started back, for her name was not Victoria. The missive was from Her Majesty to the artist. It bore a seal, but not of Hymen. It was, indeed, a writ.

It was deplorable to find such small audiences present at the production of "The Broken Lady" at the Empire the first three nights of the week.

The play was a strong one, very well put on. The hot weather and the fact that there was not much of an opportunity given to learn of the character of the company was responsible for the poor reception. Miss Constance Fawley is an emotional actress of real power and her word stands out in great relief to the majority of those who undertake "weepy" parts. Mr. Arthur Mande, under whose direction the play was produced, gave a genuine characterization of a cad of a husband as one was likely to see in a long while. The other members of the company gave first-class support.

The announcement is made that Madame Schumann-Heink, the world's greatest contralto, will appear in concert at the Empire on Sept. 19th, under the joint management of Mr. Russell and Mr. G. H. Suelking. The latter has recently been welcomed back to the city by many friends after several months spent at the coast.

SPRING MAID AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, JULY 4th, 5th, 6th.

The First Appearance of George Leon Moore.

After George Leon Moore of "The Spring Maid" had been the tenor soloist of Henry Ward Beecher's famous Plymouth Church of Brooklyn, and he had studied arduously under these famous teachers of world fame—Arditi of Paris, Randolph Herman of Berlin, Sig. Giuseppe Campanari and Sig. Bologna of Italy, and had sung in many oratorios, he made his first contract for theatrical work with the J. C. Duff Opera Company.

His first appearance resulted in the kind of hit that Mr. Moore has been glad never to repeat. He was to play a small role in the long-remembered "Floradora," but on the day proposed for opening it was discovered that the player intended for the principal male role would never be able to sing the music, and Mr. Duff came to Moore and turned it over to him with the instructions that he must learn the part and save the day for the company.

Absolutely unacquainted with the "business" of the part or the fine points of the music, Mr. Moore studied from early morning until the curtain rose upon the opera in the evening, with the result that, as he says, "The words and notes of the music seemed burnt into my brain and flickered before my eyes in fiery lines."

It will be remembered that "Floradora" has a change of scene in the dark during which a great and gorgeous hall room is set before the audience crowded with gayly dressed women and brilliantly uniformed officers. Between the lines awaiting him the hero is supposed to march smartly down to the footlights and sing the stirring bars of his opening song.

Mr. Moore came down the line as dashing as even the arbitrary impressario, Duff, could have desired, walked briskly off the ground carpet on to the bare stage with his nice new patent leather shoes which refused to stop and landed heavily upon the cornet player in the orchestra pit who immediately played a series of notes not to be found in the composer's music.

When he was returned to his place back of the footlights, Mr. Moore found the memory of everything had gone from him, and could only repeat a few words at a time as the musical director prompted him in a hoarse whisper—and the only things that then stood out before his eyes in fire were the glaring eyes of the cornetist below him.

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Home and Society

Having nothing to do on Tuesday night I dropped in at the Empire, and saw an exceptionally good play put on by an exceedingly clever company.

The play was "The Broken Law," pretty much the same old stock pattern subject—rude of a husband, injured wife, another woman, with several minor characters as fillers in. But what were not stock-patterns, were the smart brisk dialogue, and as I said before, the almost remarkable cleverness of at least the principal characters.

Measured by any standard, their work was noteworthy. Perhaps there were a hundred people in the house to see and appreciate it.

This seems to me a great pity. Those of us who are city-bound in the summer have very few distractions available. To meet this lack Mr. Russell is bringing some of the best companies he can obtain, during the hot weather. Last night, though it was stifling, both outside and in, the Empire was delightfully cool. Electric fans are being installed, and I venture to say that when people discover what good attractions are holding the boards, and how comfortable Mr. Russell is making his theatre, there will be no more repetitions of last night's poor audience to greet the good companies who drop in on us during the summer months.

The last three nights of this week, with a matinee performance, beautiful and delightful Henrietta Crossman comes to us with her latest success.

Miss Crossman is one of the loveliest memories of my life. I saw her years ago in Woodstock, Ont., in a play called "The Madeline." I remember her for many things, but most, as being the possessor of the sweetest and most expressive voice I have ever heard behind the footlights. You will fall in love with her, as everyone does, because her charm as an artist is not one whit greater than her fascination as a woman.

I count it a gala day in my life when I have the privilege of occupying a seat in the house when she holds the boards—and this is a spontaneous, personal tribute, and not paid advertising, and if you are wise you will take the tip and have a memory all your own.

Then, think of it, early in July comes "The Spring Maid," with the original company, an orchestra at their own, the biggest success in comic opera for years.

It first swept Europe off its feet, and then crossed the Atlantic to receive a reception that is unique even in the list of big comic opera successes in America. In the history of light opera in Edmonton there has never been anything in the very least approaching it. Seats should be at a premium.

In September I hear Mr. Russell and Mr. Suckling are bringing Schumann-Heink here in concert. This is something to look forward to.

Most of the social notes this week deal with the comings and goings of well known people. Mrs. Duncan Smith and her children left early in the week for their summer camp at Gull Lake.

The Kmerys leave early in July for the same favorite holiday resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Scobel spent last week-end at the Duke of Sutherland's ranch, at Hay Creek.

Mrs. Tierney and Miss Kathleen Pace left on Thursday last for a short stay at Banff, en route to Miss Pace's home in Winnipeg.

I hear a smart little party propose spending the first of July in Banff, Mr. and Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayes are having a jolly little visit at the Duke of Sutherland's ranch, Hay Creek.

I see by the Calgary papers that Miss Marie Costigan was the hostess of a merry tea party on Saturday last, including all the beaux and belles of Calgary, for Mrs. Lougheed's guest, Miss Lillian Hardisty of Edmonton.

Miss Costigan wore a chic gown of white marquisette with coral colored bandings of embroidery while the honored guests looked very pretty in natural colored pongee silk frock tastily trimmed. Mrs. Costigan was becomingly gowned in a black and white costume.

The tea table looked very pretty decorated with a cut glass bowl of fragrant pink and white carnations placed on a mirror and effectively garlanded with smilax.

On Thursday last at twelve-thirty o'clock, the wedding was quietly solemnized of Miss Dorothy Sommerville, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sommerville, to Mr. Melville Cardell, formerly of Calgary, but now resident on the south side, the happy event taking place at the residence of the bride's parents on Victoria Ave.

Though only the relatives of the immediate families were present, it was a very happy little party that awaited the coming of the bride, who entered the drawing room on the arm of her father, who gave her away. As she descended the staircase an orchestra rendered Mendelssohn's beautiful march.

Following the bride came her matron of honor, Mrs. D. J. McNamara.

The bride was wearing a smart travelling suit of grey mixed tweed, with a sheer hand-embroidered blouse trimmed with real lace. With this was worn a jaunty black sailor hat, with a white mount and a cluster of pink roses caught at the side. She looked very sweet and happy and carried a great shower of lilies-of-the-valley.

Mrs. MacNamara was exquisitely frocked, her toilette being of white ratine cloth embroidered in pink and white, and caught with a wide white taffeta sash. Her hat was a huge black picture shape

trimmed with pink roses, which flowers also formed her bouquet.

Mr. Gilbert Cardell supported his brother. Mrs. Sommerville, the bride's mother, was elegantly gowned in rich white satin with a draped over-dress of black-dotted white chiffon. A long panel arrangement of lovely Spanish lace and touches of Paddy Green satin with a flower toque, were the finishing touches to a handsome costume.

The groom's mother wore a gown of rich black satin, with a bodice of shimmering ivory satin veiled in black Chantilly lace. With this she wore a modish long coat of heavy black silk with embroidered collar and cuffs, and touches of real lace and deep fringe. A black picture hat with plumes, completed her very smart toilette.

Mrs. Robert Mays, Mrs. Ghiselin and Miss Viva Sommerville, the bride's three sisters, all wore the prettiest frocks.

Mrs. Mays was very chic in a black and white cheek ninon, over white satin, trimmed with folds of black and green satin and touches of rich jewelled garnitures on the bodice. A white hat with sweeping white plumes was a final touch to a most artistic effect.

Mrs. Ghiselin wore graceful white satin made princess fashion, with pearl and Rose Pointe garnitures, and a large black picture hat wreathed in pink roses.

Miss Sommerville was in a charming gown of violet ninon over palest pink satin, with touches of black, with which she wore a huge white hat faced with pink, and trimmed with a lace scarf and bunches of grapes and pink roses.

Miss Marion Cardell, a sister of the groom, looked stunning in lovely pearl grey poplin, with quantities of filmy lace, and a tuscany turban with a fashionable brush aigrette.

Everyone sent the prettiest gifts, and the wedding breakfast was a happy gathering around beautifully decorated tables of an intimate family circle, to whom both the young, newly-married couple were very dear.

At three o'clock, amid showers of good-wishes Mr. and Mrs. Cardell left for a honeymoon trip to the mountains and the coast cities. On their return they will take up their residence on the south side.

Although the wedding was strictly a family affair, many warm friends of the bride and her family sent best wishes and pretty gifts for the new home over the river. As an old friend of the family I hasten to add my good-luck, late, but none the less heartily.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. May's daughter, Vera, of Moulton College, Toronto, came home for her holidays on Monday.

Mr. Pinder left last Sunday for a short visit to his old home in England, this being the first time he has returned since he came out to Canada, five years ago.

Mrs. Reynolds was one of the week's hostesses, entertaining at a two-table Bridge on Monday afternoon, in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Marsh of Toronto. Mrs. Nightingale and Mrs. Brunton walked off with the prizes, dainty jewel-cases, and some of those who were there were: Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Turnbull, while a few dropped in later for tea, served at a table prettily arranged with lilies-of-the-valley and pale pink carnations, presided over by Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Sifton, with Mrs. Nightingale and Mrs. Brunton assisting.

Mr. Spetia is recuperating from the recent operation on his knee, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Soars.

Mr. Hogg, accountant in the Bank of Ottawa, left last Saturday to spend his holidays in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Frank Blackburn has taken a cottage in Banff for the summer.

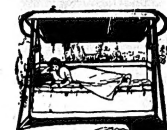
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cooper and their bonny baby daughter, are also holidaying at the popular mountain resort.

Miss Jeanne Tilley who has been enjoying a delightful tour on the Continent, returned home last week, looking very well and smart after her trip.

Mrs. Hurd leaves at the end of this week to visit her people in Boston and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley of Bickerdike have rented Mr. Charles Searth's house for the summer months. (Continued on page 8)

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Who is it who always finds fault with the play

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Why, the man who goes in on a pass.

Who is it who always picks flaws in the Church

And scoffs at its present estate?

"And where is the church member free from a smirch?"

Why the man who puts least in the plate.

Who is it who's ready to knife his own town

And talk of the much that it lacks?

"We need public spirit; no wonder we're down?"

Why, the fellow who dodges his tax.

Who is it who rails at the Government most,

And calls it "a deuce of a note?"

That we have to be ruled by a dishonest host?

Why, the insect that won't even vote.

—Walter G. Doty, in Puck.



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JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from page 1)

Geneva and Zurich. There were 1,210 cremated in Switzerland in 1910. There are about forty crematoriums in the United States, twenty-eight in Italy, five in France, four in Sweden and Norway, two in Russia, one in Denmark, and now two in Canada.

The news of the death of Captain C. B. Phillips of Asker, near Ponoka, which took place very suddenly last week, was received with very real regret by the scores of friends that he had in all parts of Alberta. He was a pioneer of scientific agricultural methods in the province. He conducted farming operations on a large scale himself and when anyone began to hold forth on the familiar topic of the inability of the Englishman to adapt himself to conditions in a new country like this, his example was always an excellent one to cite as to the foolishness of such generalizations. Captain Phillips was a man of great intelligence, who had read and travelled widely and taken full advantage of his many opportunities. His contributions to the agricultural press were of great value and will be very much missed.

Mr. Chamberlin of the G.T.P. laid stress, the other day in an interview, in discussing the future of the G.T.P. route, on the fact that Prince Rupert would be two days nearer the Orient than Vancouver. The importance of this we are apt to overlook. There will be great things happening on the Pacific within the next few years, quite apart from the influence exerted by the Panama Canal. The awakening of the Orient is to be to the twentieth century in a large measure what the development of America was to its predecessor. The shortest route through from Europe will, it is quite safe to say, become the leading highway of the world. Indeed it is the development of the latter that will do more than anything else to counteract the influence which the Panama Canal will have in separating the eastern and western portions of Canada.

The campaign of the Edmonton Citizens' League has been inaugurated under conditions that should lead to substantial results. In Mr. August Wolf, the league has secured as its secretary a man who has proven conclusively what he can do and who is not disposed to take up any venture that he cannot carry through successfully. Edmonton is very fortunate in having his services. All who know anything of what he has done for Spokane have not the slightest doubt about the outcome of his efforts, providing that he receives the proper support. Such financial aid as those whose interests centre in Edmonton are able to give to the League is certain to prove as good an investment as they can make.

On Monday we celebrate the forty-fifth anniversary of Canadian confederation. The national sentiment which the observance of the day is sup-

posed to stimulate has been of a very slow growth. There are those who believe that it will never amount to anything so long as we preserve the imperial connection, that imperial feeling will always overshadow it to too great an extent. But there should be room for both. The ideal of a nation within the Empire should not be unrealizable.

As one compares the First of July and the Fourth of July, it would almost seem that it was necessary for patriotic sentiment to have the memories of war time to feed upon. This may be unreasonable but how many of us are reasonable creatures?

Those who know the Youth's Companion are aware that there is no publication that is further removed from glorifying in warfare. But take this extract from an article in the current issue, written in connection with the approach of Independence Day. Can a Canadian writer stir his countrymen's purely Canadian feeling as this must the patriotism of our neighbors? It is admirably written and deserves extended quotation for its own sake:

"Washington's ragged, faithful and enduring men," we are told, "gave their years of service in the field, and then with thankful hearts and sober spirits turned to the work of citizenship in the country that their arms had won. In 1865 Lee laid down his arms and proceeded to give an example of useful citizenship to the disbanded soldiery of the south. In war, Americans have always cherished the ideal of citizenship.

"We, in our time of peace, can serve that ideal in no better way than by keeping fresh the memory of the sacrifices made for its sake. The fundamental quality of citizenship is unselfishness. We do not associate greed, assertiveness, arrogance either of wealth or position, with the names of Washington, Lincoln or Lee, with the spirit of the men of '76 or of the men of '62. Devotion and sacrifice were the supreme national characteristics in those great periods.

"And they were so because men believed in citizenship as an ideal to be fought for. Patriotism, which is what the Fourth of July expresses to all Americans, is simply good citizenship. No matter how extensively a man may advertise himself as an American on foreign shores, no matter how loudly he may talk at home or abroad about 'Old Glory' and 'God's country,' he has not the essence of patriotism in him unless he is a useful citizen. It is not for him to exult in the greatness of Washington or Lincoln, in the nobility of the sacrifices made by the men of the Revolution and by the men of the Civil War, unless he does himself, in Lincoln's immortal words 'take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion.'"

The opportunities are the same for Canadian to be useful citizens but do our heroes of peace strike the imagination in the same way as those to whose memories the writer of the above appeals? If Washington, Lincoln and Lee had not done their work amid the setting of great wars, would their names now be household words?

"MY FATHER'S SECOND WIFE."
By a Stepdaughter.

I was eighteen when my father married a second time—just at an age to resent his action, and to show it. It did not occur to me that I was unjust. My attitude was that of the conventional daughter under conventional circumstances. I assumed all her very objectionable and unfeeling qualities.

My aunts on my mother's side, while they counselled me to "bear my lot with fortitude," put the difficulties of the situation plainly before me. My grandmother openly pitied me. Our old servants, with one exception, wept over me.

Only Eight Years Older. That exception was my old nurse, from whom I had looked for the most sugary sympathy. The position she assumed amazed me—I have since discovered that crises such as these do bring shocks of all types in their train—for she opposed the resentment inculcated by my relatives without hinting that she was aware of it, and spoke her mind to her fellow-members of the household, letting them know, and my wretched self also, that what was going to happen was the best possible thing for my future.

I had begged my father not to insist upon my going to his wedding and he had turned the dagger in my heart by saying that he did not expect any sacrifice from me. The marriage took place a long way from our home, and so the first time I saw my stepmother after her wedding was when she and my father came back after a protracted honeymoon.

I ought to say that I had known my stepmother before. She was a charming creature in my estimation then, just eight years my senior, and I had always admired her, openly and vastly. It was only when I knew she was to become my stepmother that my feelings changed. I felt in a silly, childish way that I would rather my father

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had chosen any other woman for his wife if wife he must have.

The village people, with whom my father was very popular, gave them a royal welcome. They sincerely wanted father to be happy, I could see, and my heart melted just a little when I realized it. Dear father; how he loved his pretty wife—and me too. But I was the miserable third now.

Every hour that dragged along during the first month at home I was in some way hurt and vexed. But though I experienced a most uncomfortable time I gloried in my misery. I was the champion of my dead mother—so I felt—fighting for her memory to be cherished.

The first trouble came when my stepmother began to reorganize the house, and particularly when the furniture, pictures, and so forth, placed in their positions by my mother, were rearranged. Some things were sold, cherished little knick-knacks were put out of sight. The whole atmosphere of the home upon which my mother had impressed her personality was changed. I must admit that the improvements were obvious. My stepmother was really wonderful in all she undertook. The formal stateliness of our apartments assumed a more comfortable aspect under the influence of the new schemes that were introduced. But how wretched it made me to see the familiar character of the place disappear.

My stepmother, who was persistently kind and always tolerant, encouraged me to take an interest and even to express my views with regard to the new arrangements, and she refrained from making any changes in my rooms, saying that I was quite old enough to have definite tastes of my own, which should be carried out according to my directions. That was all very well, but she would modify in no way her designs upon the rest of the house, though I made miserable attempts to preserve my own dear mother's landmarks.

Improving the Daughter. "Cannot you realize, child," said my nurse to me, "that the improvements are improvements? Surely you are not blind? Are not you glad to see old things go and beautiful new ones come? Your dear mother naturally loved the kind of things she was familiar with when she was young. But that is a long time ago. Prettier fashions have come in. And your stepmother, equally naturally, wants to have around her the things she likes."

Looking back I can acknowledge with gratitude the temperate measures she took to win me. By storm I could not have been taken. Her method of independent serenity was the very best way there was of dealing with the problem I had set her, and she solved the difficulty I propounded to everybody's satisfaction.—H. in London Daily Mail.

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THE INVESTOR

The warm weather of the past two weeks has brought the crop along in splendid style. Following so closely after the heavy rains, it assures an early harvest. The straw will be but short but why anybody should regret that is always a mystery. The only point in Alberta which according to the C.P.R. reports, requires rain, is Taber.

All in all, it may be said without hesitation that there is no cloud in the business sky. We have every reason to believe that the country will reap by all odds the best harvest in its history. The work of railway construction is being pushed ahead energetically. General Manager McLeod, who returned to Edmonton at the first of the week after an inspection of the C.N.R. lines, said that there was no doubt about much more being accomplished in the way of construction than ever before. He announced that work would be commenced immediately on an enlargement of the Edmonton depot.

The gas strike at Tofield, which is dealt with elsewhere in *THE SATURDAY NEWS*, bears every indication of being of immense importance to all this part of the country. If it turns out as is expected, it will be no small feather in the cap of Mr. Charles Taylor, former superintendent of the Edmonton Street Railway, who has pinned his faith to the possibilities of this discovery at Tofield.

There was a large sized rush at the Edmonton land office on Monday morning. Different homesteads reopened by cancellation, were being sought, the most attractive being one just a mile north of Edson.

The Central Alberta Development League proposes to compete for the potato prizes at the American Land and Irrigation Exposition in New York.

On Tuesday the building permits had reached \$2,352,295, and there is every prospect that the end of the month will find them over two millions and a half, an increase of nearly half a million over the previous best month, April. In the past three months they will be well over the six million mark, which is something that may well astound the world. But for the cement shortage they would undoubtedly have gone still higher.

The largest permit of the past week has been that for a warehouse to be erected on the east side of Fifth, between Athabasca and Peace, for Mr. D. R. Ker, of Victoria, head of the Brackman-Ker Co., at a cost of \$35,000.

Plans are well in hand for the nine storey office structure which Mr. K. A. McLeod will put up at the corner of Rice and McDougall, opposite the

entrance to the post office. Its estimated cost is \$500,000 and the foundations will be put in this season.



TUNICS EXCHANGED FOR SWEATERS.
The U.S. War Department has recently decided that coats will no longer form part of the uniform of United States troops in the field. The War Department has decided that a light sweater will be just as comfortable and a more practical garment than the present service coat. The sweater will also be used to supplement the blanket as a sleeping garment. (Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

The G.T.P. is bringing 400 Ontario farmers through to Edmonton, a special leaving Toronto on Tuesday night.

Couldn't Sir James Whitney be persuaded to take a trip to Vancouver, calling at Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, and other tax-reform cities on the way? The free western air would do him a world of good prior to the meeting of the special committee of the Legislature on assessment.—Toronto Globe.

The sale of Ross Bros.' wholesale hardware establishment has been the principal event in Edmonton business circles during the week. The purchasers are the Marshall-Wells Company, who recently took over the Sommerville business. The rise from very small things to the province-wide trade that centres in the four-storey Ross warehouse on Third Street is one of the romances of commercial Edmonton.

A new company has taken over the Corona Hotel, the members of which are Messrs. Emile Bourassa, Lucien Boudreau and Louis Arsenaux.

The Western Foundry & Machine Company, the moving spirit of which is Mr. Benjamin Olson, recently of Toronto, proposes to establish a plant in either Industrial Heights or Kennedale, which will employ seventy-five men at he start.

What the English investor is up against in the way of Canadian propositions is shown by the formation of a syndicate for the establishment of hippodromes in the Dominion. According to the prospectus Mr. T. M. Sylvester had agreed "to proceed forthwith" to Canada to choose sites, etc., for the "hippodromes," and in the meantime candidates for appointments as assistant managers of these unbuilt places of entertainment were being asked to qualify by investing 100 pounds in shares.

Mr. F. B. Matthews, late district manager for Dun & Co. in Winnipeg, has come to Edmonton to open a branch of the well-known Winnipeg financial firm of Allan, Killam & MacKay.

Prince Rupert real estate prices are apparently on the jump. The record recently set for unimproved real estate prices was broken again last week by the sale of lots 23 and 24, block 24, section 1, Third Avenue and Third Street, for \$46,000. The property has a fifty foot frontage on Third Avenue, which makes the price \$920 a front foot. Prior to this the sale of Helgerson block at \$34,000 held the record, but this included improvements valued at \$18,000. This corner property was purchased hardly two years ago by J. N. Williams for \$13,500. The property has been purchased by a Calgary syndicate, who will improve it.

Mr. T. Kelly Dickinson, who has made a fine reputation for the Montreal Herald's financial page and who visited Alberta a year or so ago, is establishing the Montreal Financial Times, with Mr. B. K. Sandwell, also well-known in the west, as associate editor.

Canadian Coal and Coke is now operating from western coal mining properties under one management.

The constituent companies are Lethbridge Collieries, Limited; St. Albert Collieries, Limited; Pacific Pass Coal Fields, Limited; Western Coal and Coke

Company, and the Kootenay and Alberta Railway Company.

The Canadian Coal and Coke Company, Limited, was incorporated under the Canada Companies Act in the year 1910. The authorized capital is \$15,000,000 and the authorized bond issue \$6,500,000.

The properties have all been recently reported on by Mr. Charles Fergie, M.E.

Mr. Fergie estimates that on a conservative basis the total value of the assets of the constituent companies is \$22,000,000, and that the net earnings from the combined properties for the years 1913 and 1914 available for bond interest and dividends will be as follows: 1913, \$752,222; 1914, \$1,049,472.

From this it will be seen that the value of the assets is more than three times the authorized bond issue.

The bonds of the company are secured by a first charge on all the first mortgage bonds, and all the shares to the constituent companies which it now owns or may hereafter acquire.

Based on Mr. Fergie's figures the surplus earnings after providing for fixed charges, will be \$361,826 in 1913, and \$659,076 in 1914. The question as to what portion of the surplus earnings should be paid out in dividends, and what portion appropriated to reserves, will be considered by the board when the time arrives. "I mention these matters," Mr. Lovett says, "to prevent misapprehension on the part of any shareholder, as I am individually opposed to paying dividends except after making unquestionably adequate reserves."



A SILLY GAME.
Sir Edward Carson: "Ulster will fight!"
Mr. Punch: "What! Against free speech? Then Ulster will be wrong!"
By special arrangement—"Punch."

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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



The experiment that has been attempted in the Western Canada baseball league has attracted interest all over the continent. The difficulty of getting a compact league in towns that are about equal in their capacity to support a team is a constant one everywhere.

In the scheme that is being tried here, there are clubs from two large cities, Calgary and Edmonton, and from two fair-sized towns, Red Deer and Bassano. They are all fairly close together and travelling expenses are accordingly cut down. Red Deer and Bassano can't stand as many games as Calgary and Edmonton so the schedule is arranged so that the majority are in the latter cities.

One always looks for the small town to drop away behind in such a combination, where the bulk of the financial support is coming from the cities, but, strange to say, Red Deer and Bassano are now at the head of the league. Calgary is not far behind but Edmonton has been making a pitifully poor showing. We all like to see a good contest and take pleasure of the good work of the town teams, but unless the capital city's representatives are strengthened, it will be a bad thing both for the game here and for the league itself.

The Ty Cobb incident, when the Detroit star went into the grand stand and thrashed a spectator who had shouted something of an insulting nature at him, has given new life to the old discussion as to whether rooting, as we know it, is sportsmanlike.

W. W. Naughton, a well-known writer on sporting topics, puts the two sides of the argument thus: "A man's personality is sacred to himself and he should not suffer himself to be called vile names," say those who take the Cobb end of it. "Besides, this thing of hounding a player is far reaching in its effects. It rattles him and prevents him from showing what is in him. This means that the team to which he belongs is made to suffer."

Those who view the matter from the opposite angle contend that rooting or roasting at a baseball game is largely a birthright and that seeking to curb the vocal support that causes the atmosphere in the neighborhood of a ball park to "vibrate" would be interfering with the liberty of the subject.

"A player should be deaf, dumb and blind to outside influences," say those of the latter way of thinking. "At the worst, he should regard roasting as one of the accompaniments of a calling that enables him to draw down big money."

And there you are. In support of the free speech phase of the matter, it may be stated that there are certain forms of outdoor sport, the world around, that would languish if there were any attempt to muzzle spectators. No one, of course, becomes emotionally insane at a game of cricket, and I have never heard of a man being ejected from a golf links for becoming excited to the point of turbulence.

With baseball, in America, and football in Great Britain it is different. In Australia the "Barrackers," as the rooters are called, are allowed plenty of rein, may abuse the players with whom they are not in sympathy, both individually and collectively, and it is only when something in the nature of an incipient riot begins that the noise-makers are squelched by the strong arm of the law. There "Barracking" is regarded as a concomitant of football.

This puts the situation plainly enough. But isn't it more in accord with ideas of good sport to give a man a chance to show what he can do? Is there anything inspiring about a crowd shouting all kinds of things at a man to try and keep him from doing his best? Doesn't it promote very much better feeling to let everyone have a fair field and no favor?

The editorial writer of the Montreal Witness is evidently an enthusiastic baseball fan and he gives a very good description of an incident in a recent game to illustrate something in connection with the Republican Convention. This is part of what he says:

"Those who witnessed Saturday's baseball game saw a very good imitation of what by many is expected to be the result at Chicago. The Buffalo team who were playing against Montreal had a splendid pitcher in the box. His delivery was swift, accurate and puzzling. Through the first five innings of the game he put the men out almost in one, two, three order. Only one made a safe hit and he was put out before reaching second. In the sixth inning he did not do so well. He passed one man to first on balls. This set up such an uproar in the grand stand that the pitcher got visibly nervous. This resulted in some hitting that brought in the only run scored against him by Montreal. When it came to his turn to pitch again in the seventh inning he had recovered his self-control and pitched a flawless game through it and the eighth. When he came into the box again to pitch the last half of the ninth inning his team had a score of four runs to Montreal's one. Pitching in anything like the splendid form he had so far shown, the game was

safely his. The first two balls he threw, however, did not go over the foot-square plate.

"It was here that the crowd took control of the game. They began to cheer in derision. The result was that the next two balls went wild and the batter walked to first. The first ball pitched to the second batter was also a bad one. This set the crowd in a delirium of delight; they howled continuously and it fairly hailed cushions all over the grand stand. Every member of the Buffalo team was at work trying to help the pitcher regain his control. Every excuse was made to delay the game in any way possible to tire the rooters. Nothing was effective. The roar kept up rising to a shout every time the ball was pitched. The second batter was passed to first and the third came up. Again delays were made. But the pitcher had to face the music, had to stand facing the waving, yelling crowd of over four thousand spectators ranged tier on tier in the semi-circular stand with its storm of cushions thrown continuously in a bombardment against the wire netting that protected them, and try to pitch. He simply could not do it. He had, as the saying is, lost self-control. But the crowd had assumed that control. To all appearances his muscles acted under their guidance, not his, and the ball went wild in obedience to their wish. The third man was given his base on balls, and the three bases were full. At this stage the manager of the Buffalo team saw that it was useless to hope for a recovery and replaced the pitcher by another, so saving the game by a narrow margin."

The point that he was striving to make was that the men who took part in the Chicago convention would have to go through very much the same experience. This proved quite true. The baseball spirit was very much in evidence at that great gathering. In fact it has permeated the whole of the national life and I, for one, am of the opinion that the national life would be very much the better if the baseball spirit should be changed. That is why my sympathies are with Ty Cobb and those who say that the average crowd of rooters have nothing that is sportsmanlike about them.

It is two years this coming 4th of July since Jeffries tried to come back and didn't. On the holiday this year Jim Flynn will endeavor to win back the championship for the white race. The following statement was credited to him the other day:

"I'll knock the big smoke stiff. My friends I'll win, and win sure. Why shouldn't I win? Doesn't every good white person around the country want me to trim Johnson? Then, won't the best people at the contest in Las Vegas on July 4th be white people? I know I won't disappoint, and inside of a month's time the whole world will know what I know."

If Jim's science isn't any better than his logic, the fight's over already.

Our old friend Tom Sharkey, who by the way has been keeping a saloon in New York near Tammany Hall, wrote an article the other day in which he had this to say:

"The thing which is doing the most damage to the liquor trade is schoolboy athletics. Schoolboys everywhere in America are being brought up to be athletes. Every schoolboy has training ideas hammered into him constantly. He is taught that he cannot be an athlete and drink or smoke, and so he leaves tobacco and alcohol alone."

A man of Mr. Sharkey's experience should know what he is talking about, in connection with these matters. Any anemic individual, who thinks that he is bringing about an improvement in the race by talking of the waste of time over athletics, is a very unsafe guide. There is nothing that it pays better to encourage than clean sport, sport that those who are interested in it play themselves, not pay somebody else to play it for them, while they get in the grand-stand and watch.

The Calgary Council has decided, on the casting vote of the mayor, to refuse Tommy Burns permission to put on a boxing bout in that city during the Frontier celebration in September. Mr. Burns has given every guarantee that there would be no undesirable features about the affair. In itself there is nothing wrong about boxing. It ranks as a very useful as well as popular sport and the proper thing to do is to encourage people to conduct it along the right lines.

New York continues to draw away from the others in the National. Marguard's sixteenth straight victory, a world's record, signifies a wonderful performance. As usual, the fight is much keener in the American. I still pin my faith to the White Sox but Boston, Washington and Philadelphia are all going strong. Baker, who sprang into fame in the world's championship series, is still swinging a powerful bat. It won two critical games from Washington last week. In the first, which Philadelphia won by 2-1, he made a home run and in the second he made the score 4-3 with a two bagger.

Again the mighty Vancouverians have bit the dust on the lacrosse field, New Westminster winning out by 5-1. May the smaller city's success continue. It is the best possible thing for the game which Vancouver has done its best to demoralize.

The street was the football ground, the goals were marked with old tins, and the teams were ragamuffins aside. One boy was much smarter with the ball team than his companions, and in a very short time he succeeded in placing a shot between a space marked by two tins. A gentleman, wishing to reward him, called him and asked him if he would like a box of sweets or sixpence. "Let's have the sweets, mister, please," was the reply, "cos if I take the tinner I shall be a professional and I don't want to be one of them just yet."—Punch.

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IN TOWN

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

Somewhere there's a willow budding
In a hollow by the river,
Where the autumn leaves lie sodden.
Turning all the pool to brown;
There's a thrush who's building early,
With his feathers all ashiver,
And the maple sap is rising—
But I'm glad that I'm in town

Somewhere out there in the country
There's a brook that's overflowing,
And a quaker pussy-willow
Sews great velvet on her gown;
Rushes whisper to each other
That marsh marigolds are showing,
And those saucy crocus fellows
But I'm glad that I'm in town

Long ago, when we were younger,
How those little things enthralled us;
King-birds nesting in the hedges,
Baby field-mice soft as down;
Muskrats in the sun-warmed shallows
Strange how all these voices called us—
Hark, was that a robin singing?—
When's the next train out of town?

on the hook, and take the fishes off, this can hardly be said to have been very considerate of you.

"I may remark, too, that your enthusiasm for bathing seems to centralize on the selection of a becoming bathing suit. I distinctly remember that you were most annoyed when by accident you got your last year's one even partially wet.

"However, if you are really set on our taking a cottage again this summer, I daresay I can arrange it, with the distinct understanding though that flirting with silly boys, hops in stifling hotel dining rooms, and—picnics shall be strictly tabooed. We shall spend our days in fishing; I shall teach you, my child, the graceful art of swimming, and in the evenings we will read aloud some instructive books.

"I have just purchased a first-class fishing rod. I almost think with these new hooks I could force myself to place a worm on for bait. They don't look as if the worm would wiggle so much, once you got him on. You know my aversion to any squirming things.

"I think your last year's bathing suit must still be available; you were so careful of it. Your uncle,—DAVID."

Each year was a repetition of the one before. However good my intentions before going down, my enthusiasm for fishing departed after the first three or four expeditions. Bathing was the same old fiasco. About five people on the beach really knew how to swim. The remainder walked on the bottom,



James J. Hill as a witness at Washington.

candidate the nomination, had rallied to the support of Hadley, an acknowledged Roosevelt man.

"The demonstration was evidently made to order. When the Roosevelt delegates called for Hadley he came to the front of the platform and stood by Watson. He stood there for fifty minutes, his hands folded while glory descended on him in great gusts of cheering. All he got out of it besides the fame was the two minutes for personal explanation which Watson, who had the floor, yielded to him. Meanwhile the demonstration grew. The audience got on its hind legs, yelled, cat-called, whistled, stamped, waved handkerchiefs.

"The demonstration which had so far been for Hadley showed signs of flagging. Throats were hoarse, legs and arms were tired.

"At this crucial moment, a young and pretty woman, tall, slender, with a white dress and a bunch of pink roses, started waving a Roosevelt picture from the front of the western gallery. Her name is Mrs. Davis, 4321 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, and she is the wife of a lumber man. Mrs. Davis kept the cheering for Roosevelt going another twenty-five minutes. She handled the job like an old-timer. Alice Lloyd, never did better with one of her come-on-boys' songs. It takes more than an amateur to lead a human orchestra of that size. When the shouting fell Mrs. Davis lifted it up with both hands.

"She joined in the marching about the hall and was taken up into the press stand seats where she sat some five minutes, waving Teddy's picture, a sparkling-eyed goddess of unreason. In due time she went back to her own gallery and waved Teddy's picture again, the totem pole of the golden Teddy bear in the hands of a California delegate, bobbing over her shoulder and lending moral support. Mrs. Davis' was an amazing performance. It either proves or it does not the fitness of woman to take part in the deliberations of a great nation. At this moment the rough rider should have appeared to act as mustard on the wound. Something kept him back—cold feet or his sensible friends."

"However later the Colonel met the Stampede Lady, though what he said to her will ever remain a mystery.

Listen to Mrs. Davis's own account of it on reaching home, at 9.15 o'clock where her good husband, the fried chicken, the cauliflower, and the potatoes au gratin, were holding a council of war, on waiting three hours' overtime for dinner:

"The zenith of my life's happenings has been reached," sighed Mrs. Davis, sinking into a deep leather chair. "I have seen Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt, the greatest man on earth, but nobody shall ever know what that grand man said to me when I was introduced to him as the woman who stamped the convention.

"Those words will be held sacred to me to my dying day, and not even you Mr. D., can wring them from me.

"He's so grand, and to think of all those big men down there in that convention sitting silent when everything was going against him. It made my Kentucky blood boil; I could control myself no longer; the first thing I thought of was to yell 'Teddy.'"

But the storm broke when her three-year-old daughter Dorothy asked: "What did you bring for my birthday, mamma?"

"Oh, darling, I forgot all about you, didn't I?" said her fond mother, and a hug and a kiss was all she gave.

Well, ladies who talk about "grand men," and "words held sacred to my dying day," and all the other maudlin rot, are exactly the type who are

clamoring loudest for the ballot. They are, for the most part, women who have no wrongs to complain of, and no rights to the vote.

They are cheaply hysterical, eager for public notice, if they have to purchase it by such tactics as Mrs. Davis's.

They are would-be Joan-of-Arc's, as much akin to her and her high motives as a poor-paste diamond is to a perfect blue gem of matchless lustre.

In another account of the affair we learn that this Stampede Person passionately kissed Co. Roosevelt's photograph. By such Goddesses of Unreason are thoughtful, and cultured women the world over, brought into disrepute. What Mr. Davis's duty is towards his cheaply sensational lady, is indicated by the little boy who couldn't sit down comfortably for two or three days.

HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from page 4)

Mrs. Fred Ross of Victoria Ave., has as her guests, Mrs. Ross and Miss Bessie Ross, of San Mateo, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Norquay, well remembered by Edmontonians of three or four years back, will be pleased to hear that they have recently moved back to town, where Mr. Norquay has been made Dominion Land Agent. They will occupy the late Dr. H. C. Wilson's residence on Sixth Street.

The following is the account which appeared in the Toronto News of the recent marriage of two young people very well known in Edmonton:

"Grace Church, College Heights, was the scene of a quiet wedding at seven o'clock last evening when the marriage was solemnized of Miss Vera Bleasdel, second daughter of the late W. H. Bleasdel and of Mrs. Bleasdel of Parnham avenue and Mr. Kenneth Bowman, son of Mr. Henry Bowman of Walmer, England. The church was prettily decorated with palms and spring flowers and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Broughall, Mr. Holly presiding at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Walter Bleasdel, looked very pretty in her graceful gown of white satin and lace, with tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carrying a shower of roses and lily of the valley. The Misses Isabelle and Beatrice Bleasdel, sisters of the bride, attended her as bridesmaids, and were gowned alike in dainty white lingerie with mauve, and white hats with mauve lilac, and each carried a sheaf of mauve lilac. Mr. Douglas Bleasdel, a brother of the bride, was best man and was usher. After the ceremony Mrs. Bleasdel held a small reception and was wearing a gown of black satin and black hat, with bouquet of lily of the valley. Mr. and Mrs. Bowman left later for Montreal and will sail on Saturday by the Megantic for England, where they will visit Mr. Bowman's relations, before going to Edmonton, Alberta, where they will reside. The bride travelled in a brown tailormade suit with small hat to match.

The interests of A. C. Plummerfelt, former president of the Royal Collieries in Lethbridge, have been purchased by H. N. Galer and Andrew Laidlaw, of Spokane. Mr. Galer will be president of the company and Mr. Laidlaw vice-president. The capacity of the plant will be doubled and the collieries will lift next winter some five hundred to six hundred tons per day.

The Russian Empress driving in front of the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg.

Just about now, Society with a big "S" is packing up its trunks for Paris unknown. It may be a fashionable resort by the sad sea waves; it may be for the country, so good for children, such nice nourishing cream, butter and eggs, such enormous mosquitoes, so wholesome, so unconventional; or as most likely, for some near-by lake or slough, where "besides excellent fishing, boating, bathing, and gossip," there is a summer hotel with a weakly hop.

Yes, I wrote is so, "weakly." Thank you, I had a motive in substituting the "a" for the "e."

I suppose the children do enjoy it. Water has an irresistible attraction for more than ducks, but what puzzles me is how much talking a great many holiday-makers indulge in about the delights of water sports, and how few of them wet even their little toes when they actually arrive on the sands.

I used to do this sort of skirmish myself every year. About April we used to start writing letters about it:—

"Dear Guardy,—Do say that we are going to Southampton again this summer. I am just crazy about it.

"Do you remember those scrumptious perch and black bass we used to catch at the end of the pier; and do you think we could get our old cottage back, and I need a new bathing suit.

"There are some beautiful ones here at Harrod's, so cheap, that is if you buy now, and they're just my style and I do love you, and please hurry and write Knowles about the cottage.

"Yours for good sport at the dear old place.—Peggy."

Presently this reply:—

"My Dear Niece,—Your favor to hand, and should have added 'contents noted.'"

"I am a little dubious about this holiday idea of yours to our old camping ground. It seems to me that last year when we were in a position to enjoy the fishing advantages, etc., you speak of, you were rarely available to go when I wanted you. I think you fished perhaps ten times during the entire season. Knowing my disinclination to put the worms

pretending by their arm movements to be doing a cockney's, who once wrote to Wordsworth this elegant praise of the metropolis, "I don't care much if I never see a mountain. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. . . . I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy in so much life."

It was the immortal Charles Lamb, cockney of cockneys, who once wrote to Wordsworth this elegant praise of the metropolis, "I don't care much if I never see a mountain. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. . . . I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy in so much life."

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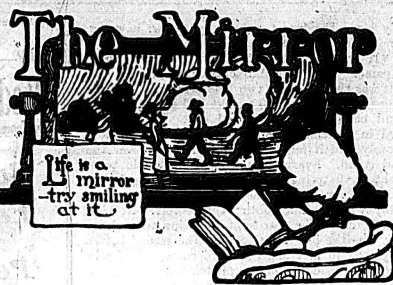
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Two souls with but a single thought.

—Judge.



IN TOWN

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

Somewhere there's a willow budding
In a hollow by the river,
Where the autumn leaves lie sodden,
Turning all the pool to brown;
There's a thrush who's building early,
With his feathers all ashiver,
And the maple sap is rising—
But I'm glad that I'm in town

Somewhere out there in the country
There's a brook that's overflowing,
And a quaker pussy-willow
Sews great velvet on her gown;
Rushes whisper to each other
That marsh margoldes are showing,
And those saucy crocus fellows
But I'm glad that I'm in town

Long ago, when we were younger,
How those little things enthralled us;
King-birds nesting in the hedges,
Baby-field-mice soft as down;
Muskrats in the sun-warmed shallows
Strange how all those voices called us—
Hark, was that a robin singing?
When's the next train out of town?

on the hook, and take the fishes off, this can hardly be said to have been very considerate of you.

"I may remark, too, that your enthusiasm for bathing seems to centralize on the selection of a becoming bathing suit. I distinctly remember that you were most annoyed when by accident you got your last year's one even partially wet.

"However, if you are really set on our taking a cottage again this summer, I daresay I can arrange it, with the distinct understanding though that flirting with silly boys, hops in stifling hotel dining rooms, and—picnics shall be strictly tabooed. We shall spend our days in fishing; I shall teach you, my child, the graceful art of swimming, and in the evenings we will read aloud some instructive books.

"I have just purchased a first-class fishing rod. I almost think with these new hooks I could force myself to place a worm on for bait. They don't look as if the worm would wiggle so much, once you got him on. You know my aversion to any squirming things.

"I think your last year's bathing suit must still be available; you were so careful of it. Your uncle, David."

Each year was a repetition of the one before. However good my intentions before going down, my enthusiasm for bathing departed after the first three or four expeditions. Bathing was the same old fiasco. About five people on the beach really knew how to swim. The remainder walked on the bottom,

candidate the nomination, had rallied to the support of Hadley, an acknowledged Roosevelt man.

"The demonstration was evidently made to order. When the Roosevelt delegates called for Hadley he came to the front of the platform and stood by Watson. He stood there for fifty minutes, his hands folded while glory descended on him in great gusts of cheering. All he got out of it besides the fame was the two minutes for personal explanation which Watson, who had the floor, yielded to him. Meanwhile the demonstration grew. The audience got on its hind legs, yelled, cat-called, whistled, stamped, waved handkerchiefs.

"The demonstration which had so far been for Hadley showed signs of flagging. Throats were hoarse, legs and arms were tired.

"At this crucial moment, a young and pretty woman, tall, slender, with a white dress and a bunch of pink roses, started waving a Roosevelt picture from the front of the western gallery. Her name is Mrs. Davis, 4321 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, and she is the wife of a lumber man. Mrs. Davis kept the cheering for Roosevelt going another twenty-five minutes. She handled the job like an old-timer. Alice Lloyd, never did better with one of her come-on-boys' songs. It takes more than an amateur to lead a human orchestra of that size. When the shouting fell Mrs. Davis lifted it up with both hands.

"She joined in the marching about the hall and was taken up into the press stand seats, where she sat some five minutes, waving Teddy's picture, a sparkling, eyed goddess of unreason. In due time she went back to her own gallery and waved Teddy's picture again, the totem pole of the golden Teddy bear in the hands of a California delegate, bobbing over her shoulder and lending moral support. Mrs. Davis was an amazing performance. It either proves or it does not the fitness of woman to take part in the deliberations of a great nation. At this moment the rough rider should have appeared to act as mustard on the wound. Something kept him back—cold feet or his sensible friends."

However later the Colonel met the Stampede Lady, though what he said to her will ever remain a mystery.

Listen to Mrs. Davis's own account of it on reaching home, at 9:15 o'clock where her good husband, the fried chicken, the cauliflower, and the potatoes au gratin, were holding a council of war, on waiting three hours' overtime for dinner:

"The zenith of my life's happenings has been reached," sighed Mrs. Davis, sinking into a deep leather chair. "I have seen Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt, the greatest man on earth, but nobody shall ever know what that grand man said to me when I was introduced to him as the woman who stampeded the convention.

"Those words will be held sacred to me to my dying day, and not even you Mr. D., can wring them from me.

"He's so grand, and to think of all those big men down there in that convention sitting silent when everything was going against him. It made my Kentucky blood boil; I could control myself no longer; the first thing I thought of was to yell 'Teddy.'"

But the storm broke when her three-year-old daughter Dorothy asked: "What did you bring for my birthday, mamma?"

"Oh, darling, I forgot all about you, didn't I?" said her fond mother, and a hug and a kiss was all she gave.

Well, ladies who talk about "grand men," and "words held sacred to my dying day," and all the other maudlin rot, are exactly the type who are

clamoring loudest for the ballot. They are, for the most part, women who have no wrongs to complain of, and no rights to the vote.

They are cheaply hysterical, eager for public notice, if they have to purchase it by such tactics as Mrs. Davis's.

They are would-be Joan-of-Arcs, as much akin to her and her high motives as a poor paste diamond is to a perfect blue gem of matchless lustre.

In another account of the affair we learn that this Stampede Person passionately kissed Co. Roosevelt's photograph. By such Goddesses of Unreason are thoughtful, and cultured women the world over brought into disrepute. What Mr. Davis's duty is towards his cheaply sensational lady, is indicated by the little boy who couldn't sit down comfortably for two or three days.

HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from page 4)

Mrs. Fred Ross of Victoria Ave., has as her guests, Mrs. Ross and Miss Bessie Ross, of San Mateo, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Norquay, well remembered by Edmontonians of three or four years back, will be pleased to hear that they have recently moved back to town, where Mr. Norquay has been made Dominion Land Agent. They will occupy the late Dr. H. C. Wilson's residence on Sixth Street.

The following is the account which appeared in the Toronto News of the recent marriage of two young people very well known in Edmonton:

"Grace Church, College Heights, was the scene of a quiet wedding at seven o'clock last evening when the marriage was solemnized of Miss Vera Bleasdel, second daughter of the late W. H. Bleasdel and of Mrs. Bleasdel of Farnham avenue and Mr. Kenneth Bowman, son of Mr. Henry Bowman of Walmer, England. The church was prettily decorated with palms and spring flowers and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Broughall, Mr. Holly presiding at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Walter Bleasdel, looked very pretty in her graceful gown of white satin and lace, with tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carrying a shower of roses and lily of the valley. The Misses Isabelle and Beatrice Bleasdel, sisters of the bride, attended her as bridesmaids, and were gowned alike in dainty white lingerie with mauve, and white hats with mauve lilac, and each carried a sheaf of mauve lilac. Mr. Douglas Bleasdel, a brother of the bride, was best man and was usher. After the ceremony Mrs. Bleasdel held a small reception and was wearing a gown of black satin and black hat, with bouquet of lily of the valley. Mr. and Mrs. Bowman left later for Montreal and will sail on Saturday by the Megantic for England, where they will visit Mr. Bowman's relations, before going to Edmonton, Alberta, where they will reside. The bride travelled in a brown tailor-made suit with small hat to match.

The interests of A. C. Flummerfelt, former president of the Royal Collieries in Lethbridge, have been purchased by H. N. Galer and Andrew Laidlaw, of Spokane. Mr. Galer will be president of the company and Mr. Laidlaw vice-president. The capacity of the plant will be doubled and the collieries will lift next winter some five hundred to six hundred tons per day.

The Russian Empress driving in front of the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg.

Just about now, Society with a big "S" is packing up its trunks for parts unknown. It may be a fashionable resort by the sad sea waves; it may be for the country, so good for children, such nice nourishing cream, butter and eggs, such enormous mosquitoes, so wholesome, so unconventional; or as most likely, for some near-by lake or slough, where "besides excellent fishing, boating, bathing, and gossip," there is a summer hotel with a weakly hop.

Yes, I wrote it so, "weakly." Thank you, I had a motive in substituting the "a" for the "e."

I suppose the children do enjoy it. Water has an irresistible attraction for more than ducks, but what puzzles me is how much talking a great many holidays indulge in about the delights of water sports, and how few of them wet even their little toes when they actually arrive on the sands.

I used to do this sort of skirmish myself every year. About April we used to start writing letters about it—

"Dear Guardy,—Do say that we are going to Southampton again this summer. I am just crazy about it.

"Do you remember those scrumptious perch and black bass we used to catch at the end of the pier; and do you think we could get our old cottage back, and I need a new bathing suit.

"There are some beautiful ones here at Harrod's, so cheap, that is if you buy now, and they're just my style and I do love you, and please hurry and write Knowles about the cottage.

"Yours for good sport at the dear old place.—PEGGY."

Presently this reply:—

"My Dear Niece,—Your favor to hand, and should have added 'contents noted.'

"I am a little dubious about this holiday idea of yours to our old camping ground. It seems to me that last year when we were in a position to enjoy the fishing advantages, etc., you speak of, you were rarely available to go when I wanted you. I think you fished perhaps, ten times during the entire season. Knowing my disinclination to put the worms

pretending by their arm movements to be doing a graceful replica of the "truly ones," performances. Not being sufficiently interested at that time in anybody's gowns, or love affairs—except my own—the lake, by the summer's end, was a bit wearisome, and town, and town life, looked pretty good to me. Town always has, as a matter of fact. I love the shops—I love the movement of it, the people.

In this I am not alone, nor even one of a bunch of sour grapes.

It was the immortal Charles Lamb, cockney of cockneys, who once wrote to Wordsworth this elegant praise of the metropolis, "I don't care much if I never see a mountain. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. . . . I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy in so much life."

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James J. Hill as a witness at Washington.



Two souls with but a single thought.

—Judy.